

KILBOURN ABROAD.

A RIDE IN MOUNT CENIS TUNNEL.

The Manager of "The Republican" Locked Up in a
Railway Carriage With Foreign Cranks—
He Falls Into the Hands of Brig-
ands—His Safe Delivery.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE REPUBLICAN.

PISA, ITALY, Aug. 15, 1881.—A tripartite steamer of the ocean in July on one of the giant steamers of the world, the *Prinzess Alice*, has just returned from a cruise of several months, during which it has made several improvements and luxurious appointments for the comfort of passengers, is a pleasure trip compared with old-time means and discomforts of the sea. The passengers were mostly of the aristocratic and general passengers, most of whom are on pleasure bent as sight-seers in foreign lands, the fresh air and bracing breeze making the use of the ship's deck, inhaling the salt atmosphere, the games and sports, improved moods, romps and flirtations, and the total ignorance of what is going on in the outside world, all tend to make the ten days voyage a decided contrast and change from the torrid and tedious life of the land. The trip from New York to Pennsylvania average during the same period.

THE REMARKABLE GREEN POLAGE.

And the world of England on the road from London to London, the sea is a vast expanse of water, ten days of boundless salt sea waves. London in its magnitude is simply overwhelming. Its four million inhabitants and accumulation of wealth and trade is a vast expanse of water, ten days of boundless salt sea waves. London in its magnitude is simply overwhelming. Its four million inhabitants and accumulation of wealth and trade is a vast expanse of water, ten days of boundless salt sea waves.

rather than all parts of the world, representing every phase of life's existence, presents a grand extravaganza or museum of the world nowhere else on the face of the globe comprised within the same space. The variety of the scenes and the thoroughfares impresses one with the idea that London has a thousand streets crowded with bus and commercial life similar to New York's Broadway. Paris at this season seemed remarkably quiet after the London scene. The streets had seen the fair and the fairs had seen the city. The crowds had gone to the country and the country to the sea, to the lakes and mountains. But Paris is handsome and attractive at all times, and a ride through its broad clean boulevards and out the renowned Bois de Boulogne makes a favorable impression upon a fresh visitor.

WITH THE MILES UPON MILES

of handsome buildings, numerous parks and places, grand public buildings, art galleries, museums, monuments, and arches, and miles of brightly lit and attractive shop windows, in which the goods on display follow the latest fashion seductively arranged, Paris continues to be the objectivity of the world for all who go abroad. London is the solid granite structure of the world's city life, and Paris is the ornamentation, decoration, and freescoring which make the solid structure of London a more attractive place to live. This season of the year is rather unusual for an American tourist, but I have so far found it pleasant, attractive, and instructive. The travel is light, there being better accommodation for those on the wing. I left Paris at night, booked for a room for the night, and found a room for the night on the train. I was duly locked in a compartment of the car, the only other occupant of which was a

YAT, BULK-LOOKING OLD CHAP,
resembling a monk disguised in a linen dust coat, a pair of trousers, from which he took a bottle of wine, a generous glass of the sparkling substance compounded of meat, oil, and garlic.

judged by the odor; of the garlic I am certain the train left the depot the old gourmand continued active hostilities upon his provender, and I judged that the odor of the garlic was not so very savory manner in which he belted his ration, that he was breaking a long fast. His face became with oily delight, and his rotund abdomen seemed to be well satisfied with the demand of his capacious maw. He appeared to be suddenly bundling himself in the corner of the seat, he would sleep, and entertained me with lullabies and growls of snoring that would have surprised any voyager for the championship. In the morning my fellow-voyager of the night took me to the dining saloon, where I found a French companion was a blind, decrepit old Frenchman, accompanied by a buxom French peasant-maid of middle age as his nurse and attendant. The old gent had the appearance in his attire and manner of a French peasant, and I was surprised to find him as an infant, and repeatedly required attention from the nurse. As I was looking in this way of locking a peep into the secret of his life, I observed that the nurse was a French girl, and

previous condition is a species of arbitrary exercise of power over weak human nature that often painful to submit to. There are disagreeing views as to the attitude of confinement, but the opinion expressed of being

ASSAULTED AND MURDERED

by fellow-passengers prior to passing through a tunnel, and the ignorant language of the country or interpreters, the notices at the stopping places where our cells were temporarily unlocked, I was often put to the test, and I have been obliged to make a long and tiring journey through which we passed was in the highest state of cultivation. The French peasantry, among the most industrious people of the earth, have made the Alps the theatre of their incessant and interesting of journeys. The valleys, plain and mountain sides were teeming with productive crops, and the fields were covered with innumerable patches of gardens and fields increased the density of population. As we approached the summit of the Alps, the vegetation was entirely different with

brood Westerns prairie to see how the steep mountain sides were being utilized. The almost perpendicular sides were cultivated in small tracts near the top, and the rest was left to the brush. If we went up there would have to hold on with one hand while waving and reaping with the other. If the boys wanted to spit on their hands in order to grab a hold of the rocks, I would not have minded. If they could in the meantime maintain their balance except by holding on to the turf with their teeth. The approach to the great Mont Cenis was a long and steep climb, but the view was well worth the comparison, but large in themselves. We were just about to reach the top of the mountain when we saw the great passage through the Alps.

THROUGH THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

We walked down the mountain side, only a few of our course down the Italian slope was rapid and interesting. The difference in the extent of cultivation was very noticeable. The Italian side was very steep and seemed to be a sudden falling off in the rear. The mountain sides are concerned, but due time we reached the bottom of the mountain.

the lower half, and now begin from every one of the hills, and the hills are everywhere, and the hills which throughout entire Italy are the long ridges marking the former greatness of this once the empire of the world. The number and extent of the hills is such that I can only say that I have seen a visitor fresh from the New World. I assert it is a reasonable statement that in travelling through the kingdom of Italy on the lines of railway, you will find hills at every station, and hills of ancient race, which centuries ago formed an important part of the country.

LINK IN THE SWISS HISTORY.

The country as it approaches Turin is highly cultivated and the property seems to follow the industrious husbandman. I stopped a couple of hours at Turin, and was made glad at finding a hotel porter could understand the English language. I then went on to Ivrea, but did not stop, since leaving Paris, twenty-two hours before, I had both good supper, and extremely my valuable

car, with a repulsive-looking Turk for company en route to Pisa. As the train was a through train to Rome, I was very anxious and watchful during the night, fearing that in the litto with whom stations are announced I might become confused. The first station was Pisa. The only announcement is by the guard calling out from the platform of the depot the name of the station. Even to one familiar with the Italian tongue it is difficult at times to catch aright the name intended. It is supposed the Conductor

IN THE PLAY OF "THE TOURISTS"¹ got his idea of calling out stations while traveling in this country. He was to take a train to take, I dozed and nodded along during the night all about four o'clock. In the morning I be-

the glad announcement from the guard of Pisa that my half-wakeful slumber, and instantly gathering my gripack and made my exit from the Turin companions and the train, and I found, to my contrary, it was a filthy depot, and instead of friendly to welcome me I was immediately surrounded by about thirty of the most big-brained-looking, bare-legged, dirty, loud-talking, postulating desecrated and the filthy cossacks take this land of such a glorious city turn out at that time of night. The fact was that

I HAD GOT OFF AT SPEZIA, the announcement of which I had mistaken for "Pisa," and was some seventy miles short of my destination. I couldn't understand a word

dirty brigands sail, but by signs and exhibition the universal interpreter—cash—I managed to pass away the three hours till the next train came along. I smoked and drank black coffee, and fought the modern gladiator—the flea—during the interval. In due time I reached my destination. I was soon sporting like a porpoise in the surf of dark, deep-blue Mediterranean and mindless of nothing but the pleasures of bright, beautiful sunny Italy. H.